The Non-Subscribing Presbyterian

PRICE TWOPENCE
3s. per annum post free

No. 218 SEPTEMBER, 1925.

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Theological Inexactitudes.

It is a curious fact that often in theological discussions the claims of fairness and accuracy count for little. One of the fundamental virtues, that of veracity, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Let an opposing Christian body of doctrine be dealt with, that charity which thinketh no evil becomes conspicuous by its absence. We rarely obtain an adequate, not to say an accurate, description of the beliefs held by one section of opinion when it is undertaken by another. The Catholic sees only heresy in the Protestant position, the Protestant in turn thinks only of Catholic contradictions of Reformation truth. It is no wonder that a detached thinker finds himself asking the question: "How can truth possibly be attained by such a method and by such masters of misinterpretation?"

A little consideration will show that such unveracity is not really essential to theology as a branch of study. It has been called "the Queen of the Sciences," and if the term has any significance then there are references to be verified, deductions to be drawn, conclusions to be arrived at, by processes as valid in theology as they are in other departments of scientific research. If our real desire is to arrive at theological truth there are conditions which cannot be ignored, facts which demand fair and impartial treatment. But it is surely antithetical to the spirit of all inquiry to make ex parte statements, to base our general conclusions upon partial and distorted utterances. And yet this is certainly being done by representatives of so-called evangelical religion, especially when Unitarianism is the form of faith examined.

A recent example of this will occur to many minds. According to a correspondent, present on the occasion itself, a certain notorious missioner dealt with the question of Unitarianism and the Bible. The resultant treatment was what one might expect—abuse in the place of argument, absolute ignorance of the facts supposed to be criticised. It would appear that the works of well-known Unitarian divines, like Channing, Martineau, Drummond, Carpenter, easily accessible to every earnest and fair-minded inquirer, were never consulted. One work alone, Dr. Drummond's "Studies in Christian Doctrine," would have supplied convincing proof of the calm, reasonable, dispassionate mode in which theological inquiry can be undertaken. But if Unitarianism was under discussion, then the works of avowed representative Unitarians should have formed the documentary data to be consulted and decided upon. But once again the right path was completely ignored, and the by-path of bigotry, scurrilous abuse and blasphemy preferred. For ourselves we care not what such advocacy or advocates may put forth as the findings of actual truth. The cause of the latter was never yet advanced by methods of unveracity, or by persons utterly lacking in the primary elements of reason and reverence which should characterise all important debates, particularly those which have to do with spiritual verities.

Notes of the Month.

Very serious losses have befallen our body of late through the deaths of men like the Rev. J. E. Odgers, of Oxford and the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson of Gee Cross. For long years they held positions of great honour and importance in our English community and gained the affection and esteem of many persons outside our own household of faith. Personality was a tremendous asset in each case. Dr. Odgers as College Professor, first in Manchester and later in Oxford, made a strong appeal to generations of students. His friendliness, his large-heartedness, his geniality and sense of humour, won for him affectionate regard. In his later years, when blindness overtook him, many old friends thought of him with tender solicitude and sent him heartfelt greetings on his eightieth birthday. The Rev. H. E. Dowson occupied a unique place in our body generally and particularly so in the North of England, where his sphere of ministerial labour lay. Affectionately termed "the Bishop," he was the friend of rich and poor, the inspiring speaker at all representative gatherings. When a long-continued labour dispute in the Hyde District seemed almost insoluble, his appointment as arbitrator not only created widespread satisfaction but also brought the trouble to a satisfactory end. Like his friend and contemporary, Dr. J. E. Odgers, Mr. Dowson lived to a great age and fell upon days of increasing weakness. Both won and richly deserved a homage and a regard which fall to the lot of few of God's children.

* *

This is pre-eminently the month of harvest in the North of Ireland, and it is gratifying to realise that many of our readers, whose fortunes are bound up with the products of the field and orchard, can enter upon their reaping operations with glad heart. A year ago the conditions were far less propitious. An unusually rainy summer had either spoiled the prospects altogether or greatly delayed the hope of any success. How much reason, therefore, is there to rejoice, on this occasion after a most favourable summer has prepared for a fruitful autumn. The church celebrations will need no apology on this occasion and the note of thankfulness will have something more than a conventional sound. We confidently expect that in most of our churches the Harvest Services will attract record attendances and the offertories reflect the increase of the field.

* *

Early this month a meeting will be held in order to consider the advisability of carrying on our work as a united church with increased power and efficiency. It is not for us to anticipate the proposals of the Committee in charge, even were we able to do so, but we would ask for them the full sympathy and support of our readers. The opportunities of which we spoke in our leading article a month ago, are not less but greater, because of a United Mission held in Belfast last month. When a wrong course is counselled there is need to point out the right.

* *

We would remind our readers that this month applications for the benefits of the Orphan Society and the Bodel-Mackenzie Fund should be in the hands of the Executive Secretaries at an early date. The Rev. Alfred Turner, the Manse, Templepatrick, will be glad to receive such on behalf of the Orphan Society, while the Rev. Matthew Watkins, 4 Bathgate Drive, Strandtown, Belfast, will be grateful for those of the Bodel-Mackenzie Fund.

Temperance Notes.

The Bible.

"What does the Book say on Temperance?" is a question often asked. We believe books have been written around this. Certainly there are tracts and pamphlets. We have not seen them. But we intend consulting the Scriptures, unprejudiced, and see what we find these on the subjects of drink, strong drink and wine, save, of course, where these are used figuratively. If our first efforts are appreciated we will continue them. So please write and tell us—even help us in our proposed work.

Total Abstinence.

Aaron was told to be a total abstainer, as were also his sons. Here is the Statute (Leviticus 10 : 9).

> "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the Tabernacle of the Congregation, lest ye die, it shall be a statute for ever throughout your congregation."

The Nazarite Vow.

We have heard it said that total abstinence is not to be found in the Bible. We have collected several instances where it is at any rate referred to as an ideal, and many cases where it has been commended and practised. Notice how completely "total" was the Nazarites vow of abstinence.

> "When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord: he shall separate himself from wine and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat **nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk.**" Numbers 6 : 2-4.

Proverbs' Doubtful Advice.

We can thoroughly appreciate this—

> "It is nor for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink, lest they drink, and forget the law, and prevent the judgment of any of the afflicted." Prov. 31 : 4-5.

But now read on to the next two verses—

> "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." Prov. 31 : 6, 7.

Surely it would be hard to misread these verses. It plainly tells, does it not, that wine and strong drink is useful to drown our sorrows, to help us to bear poverty and the like? What shall we say to this? It is certainly false security. Drink may help us to **forget** our poverty, but it will surely add to that poverty! Is it wisdom? It is certainly from Proverbs.

The Rechabites.

It is refreshing to turn to these. Jeremiah gives an example of obedience (because the Israelites had not been willing to obey him)—

> "The words of Jonadab the son of Rechab, that he commanded his sons not to drink wine, are performed; for unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment." Jeremiah 35 : 14.

Tempt Not.

There are many to-day who seem to take a fiendish delight in making others drink. Read the following, also giving the horrible result from drunkenness—

> "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also." Habakkuk 2 : 15 and following.

P.G.

Young People's Page

Entertaining Letters.

Most young people, whether on holiday or at home, are delighted to receive letters from their absent friends. Too often they may be put off with a postcard which, after all, is an apology for the real thing. For what postcard even provided with a pretty picture, is as good as a real chatty, friendly letter? Of course, it is not everybody who can write the kind of epistle we truly enjoy. Some are dry and short to the point of curtness, others are stilted in their style, while many give news without grace. When we do possess a friend with the right epistolary touch, then his or her letters are cherished and frequently re-read. Now there are some older persons who are the particular friends of young people, and know how to touch their hearts and quicken their thoughts by means of bright and most entertaining letters. This springs out of an ability to put themselves into the place of those for whose benefit they are writing. Thus, the name of "Lewis Carroll" is now known to innumerable young people because of that knowledge of and sympathy with them which prompted him to write "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass." The skill and insight displayed in these charming books are sometimes as fully possessed by people whom the world honours for quite different qualities. Recently, when we were travelling in America, a delightful companion on long journeys was a book entitled "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children." The writer was known to us as a famous man who had been President of the United States, and gained a great reputation elsewhere as a strong and strenuous personality. But in the above book he appeared in a new light—as a jolly and most frolicsome companion, entering freely into the games and sports of his sons and daughters. Even at his busiest times he sits down and writes them cheering letters, and often makes them more precious and entertaining by his sketches. It is no wonder that his children adored him and even when he could not share their sports they found him near to them in his bright and humorous messages from a distance. Let us have an example of the manner in which the President can unbend at the bidding of his children and enter whole-heartedly into their frolics. Writing to a friend he tells how the young people "come to get me to play with them in the old barn. They pleaded so hard that I finally gave in, but upon my word, I hardly know whether it was quite right for the President to be engaged in such wild rompings as the next two hours saw. The barn is filled with hay, and of course meets every requirement for the most active species of hide-and-seek, and the like. Quentin enjoyed the game as much as any one, and would jump down from one hay level to another fifteen feet below with complete abandon.

"I took Kermit and Archie, with Philip, Oliver and Nicholas out for a night's camping in the two rowboats last week. They enjoyed themselves heartily, as usual, each sleeping rolled up in his blanket, and all getting up at an unearthly hour. Also, as usual, they displayed a touching and firm conviction that my cooking is unequalled. It was of a simple character, consisting of frying beefsteak first and then potatoes in bacon fat, over the camp fire; but they certainly ate in a way that showed their words were not uttered in a spirit of empty compliment."

It is after seeing a great man in simple human circumstances like these that we appreciate him still more. Certainly, for our part, the splendid letters which he wrote to his children are a delightful revelation of a man of energy and firm will who can exhibit the light-heartedness and the frolicsomeness of a boy. His letters are all letters should be to young people.

Orthodox Unitarianism.

[Thanks to a friendly correspondent, we are able to reproduce the following article which appeared in the columns of the "Manchester Guardian." The writer is a distinguished professor of theology belonging to the Methodist body. His weekly articles on the Free Churches are always worth reading. On this occasion his references to a recently-published Unitarian volume, "Freedom and Truth," are of quite exceptional interest.]

"We in this country are familiar with theological propaganda in the form of manifestos issued by groups of like-minded thinkers. "Essays and Reviews," "Lux Mundi," "Foundations," and "Liberal Evangelicalism"—to name four examples—are waymarks of modern Anglican Theology of the significance of which the ecclesiastical historian of the last seventy-five years is bound to take note. A volume similar in character, entitled "Freedom and Truth," has just been issued by the Lindsey Press. It is edited by the veteran Unitarian scholar, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, and contains a series of essays by Unitarian thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a large and handsome volume of some 350 pages, full of good reading, and very cheap at the price asked for it (6s.).

"For a writer whose nature it is to be frank and who desires to be fair, fair both to himself and to the book he is reviewing, this is not an easy volume to write about. I am, if I must fasten on myself a label at all, a Liberal Evangelical, refusing with equal emphasis a Liberalism that is not Evangelical and an Evangelicalism that is not Liberal. Now there is much in this book with which the Liberal in me is glad to find itself in complete accord, but there is much also to which the Evangelical can yield no assent, no, not for an hour. But obviously a column like this is not the place in which to discuss the differences between Evangelical and Unitarian theology, and I turn to note one or two points in these essays at which our differences are either much less vital or vanish altogether in complete agreement.

"The truth is that the leaven of Liberalism has by this time so largely leavened the whole lump of Christian thought in this land that not a little which some of the contributors to this volume seem to think of as peculiar to their own communion is now the common property of all the Free Churches. Most of us, for example, would find little to quarrel with in Mr. R. Travers Herford's admirable essay on the Old Testament, though, like so many who criticise the Protestant attitude to the Bible, he quite fails to do justice to the Reformation doctrine of Scripture. Let Unitarians have the credit, which is justly theirs, of a greater openness of mind to new and unfamiliar truth; but, while they rejoice in their own liberty, let them not think of the rest of us as still hugging our dogmatic chains. 'No one,' writes Dr. S. H. Mellone, 'need grudge the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Wesleyan, the Baptist, or any other man any satisfaction to be derived from believing that one day *his* church will embody the world's universal and eternal faith'; and then he goes on to quote Dr. Martineau for our rebuke and enlightenment. But does Dr. Mellone really believe that there is anything corresponding to these words of his in the actual life of the Churches to England to-day? And there are too many examples of this kind in the volume before us—the vigorous but idle shelling of positions long since abandoned.

"Nevertheless, with whatever drawbacks, this book is a useful and timely

reminder of the debt, not always acknowledged, which we all owe to Unitarians. They are not, and are not likely to be, a numerous body, but, like the Society of Friends, their influence is not to be gauged by statistical returns. Their churches have been served by a succession of men of the highest intellectual ability. In leaders like Martineau in this country and Channing in America they have produced some of the foremost individual forces in the religious life and thought of the last century. Their long and splendid services to education, philanthropy, and reform it were an impertinence to praise. One of the contributors to this volume says: —

> 'Life in a Unitarian communion seems to involve a certain relation to the general life of the world, a hospitable co-operation with its progressive tendencies in education, reform, government. Out of all proportion to its numbers it breeds leaders in the work of local and national progress. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and there was progress before there were Unitarian churches, but it is nevertheless true that the spirit of service for the world is in constant generation in such churches and that it is regarded as an integral part of piety. To support philanthropies, to foster schools and libraries and reforms of government, to seek and to share culture—these are undoubtedly general tendencies among the Unitarians of Hungary, of England, of America.'

"It is a large claim to make, but those who make it need not fear an appeal to history. Most notable of all Unitarian services for the common good, however, has been their fight for religious freedom. When we remember that, as someone has said, no men ever were so free in their thinking as those who wrote the New Testament, it is strange to reflect what a name of evil omen in the Church the term "free-thinker" has been allowed to become. Paul of Tarsus was surely one of the most daring free-thinkers the world has ever seen, and if at the long last it is now generally recognised among us that 'truth' is its own authority and must be sought by an honest inquiry kept scrupulously free and untrammelled,' to Unitarianism belongs in no small degree the glory of so great an achievement."

G.J.

Open His Eyes.

"And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." A great host had been sent to capture Elisha the Prophet, and a young man with him was in great despair, and Elisha gave him the assurance: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Hence the prayer of Elisha.

This may be taken as a parable of how God with the weak things of this world confounds that which the world esteems strong. St. Theresa once began a great work which required a great deal of money, and when asked how she alone would be able to accomplish it, replied "Theresa alone can do nothing, but Theresa and God can do all things.'

If the work is part of the Divine Plan then it is already accomplished, for God has willed it, and the means will be forthcoming. A solitary man, George Fox, felt the call to go forth and speak, and obeying it, and waiting patiently for Divine guidance, said the right word and opened the minds of vast numbers to the inner light, and gladly, and resignedly and patiently accepted all the hardships which his ministry brought. Laughter, ridicule, slander, what are they against one who knows, who has confidence in his mission and in the continual guidance that is given him. There can be no

defeat in truly spiritual work, its seeming outward failures in the end prove to be victories. When all desire for success, for personal benefit, for applause, for approval has gone, then comes rushing through that man the power from on high, the force that moves mountains, for no obstacle can stand before that irresistible power. The very obstacle itself serves the purposes of the force, for it may delay it and dam it up for awhile, only that the flood may rush forward with greater vehemence.

In the day of small things have we faith in our divine mission? In struggling for reality in religion which is the root of all human life and activity, trampled upon, unrecognised though it may be, have we confidence that the resources of the spiritual world are not to be measured by those of this world? Have we the wisdom to find ourselves on one side, all hopes and ambitions and desires, content that the Great Warrior should fight in and through us.

How small the two mites of the widow, but how great the gift in the eyes of Christ!

The motive behind the gift—so insignificant in the treasury among the rest of the coins—was what made it of more value than all the rest, the silver and the gold put together. Motive is everything. Even a mistaken action can be redeemed by the purity of its intention, and turned to good results.

Think of a temple, and stretched from wall to wall are curtains. When one curtain is drawn aside, there is another, and beyond that another, until you come to the Shrine. But at each the right to pass onward must be proven. Such is the universe, and Edward Carpenter says we are like children in a theatre for the first time sitting looking at the curtain and thinking about the show. The eye of faith penetrates the veil, even if there be no actual vision, and that very power of imagination makes possible vision that is certain and reliable. And what is it that is seen? What did the young man with Elisha see? The certainty of triumph, the help and radiance continually poured forth. To be in the centre of this stream, to be in the full tide of this force, is to be in work, the results of which will be glorious.

ULLIN.

An Autumn Forward Movement.

A Forward Movement! Yes, but to what goal? Surely it is imperative to answer this question at the very outset. What is the practical goal at which we are to aim? Is it to be first a distribution of leaflets? Have we nothing better to offer than a tract? Can we not give ourselves? This is what our ancestors in the faith did. Our ancestors in the faith! How we do love to talk of those great ones passed away, and how little we do to emulate them!

A Forward Movement! Why not a backward movement, first to see if, perchance, we can grasp a little of that spirit which animated those ancestors of our faith. Keen men and true, they thought it worth while to give their best abilities to Christ and His Church, and saw to it that God's business was as carefully attended to as their own. Did our parents allow us to stay away from Service for any paltry excuse? I trow not. And this I am convinced should be the chief aim of any Forward Movement. Let our laity realise the worth of our faith and instil it into the coming generation, and there will be no necessity to look backwards to find the Giants. Not nearly enough is done in this direction. We must train our young people, if they are to take the place if those passing on. And where can such training be got outside the Church and Sunday School?

The Sunday School! Yes, that is where any genuine Forward Movement must begin. If our faith is all we claim for it, look to the children. See that they are receiving all the benefits it offers. Let our laity attend our services regularly, and bring the young ones with them. It will put new life into our clergy. Is it to be wondered at that these poor men lose heart preaching Sunday by Sunday to two or three dozen faithfuls, and four or five dozen empty pews? The real wonder is that they carry on as well as they do.

Like charities, a Forward Movement should begin at home. We ought to put our house in order before seeking visitors. To put it on the lowest plain, an outsider must get but a poor opinion of the value we set on Christianity at seeing how badly our people attend worship, and would scarcely be tempted to return. Even in religion nothing succeeds like success. Are we doing our utmost to make our services successful?

The Masters.

It is an inspiration, if we think,
That there are men, further advanced than we,
Who know the secrets of Eternity,
And standing poised, upon Heaven's very brink,
Yet will not enter, till they help us on
The hard and narrow Path, that they have gone.

Wisdom and love, these were their guiding stars,
They live but to be channels of God's will.
Rejected, or received, they labour still
To pilot this sad world, through all its wars,
That the Great Plan may some day be fulfilled
And life be, as our Heavenly Father willed.

With deep compassion, and a wistful love
They look on every deed of sin and shame.
They know, they understand, they do not blame.
They are not angels from a world above.
But men, who through mistakes and mortal strife,
Attained at length to the Eternal Life.

F. H. ALDHOUSE.

Culture and Religion.

Now as to the relation in which these two stand to each other:

Culture proposes as its end the carrying of man's nature to its highest perfection, the developing to the full all the capacities of our humanity. If, then, in this view, humanity be contemplated in its totality, and not in some partial side of it, Culture must aim at developing our humanity in its God-ward aspect, as well as its mundane aspect. And it must not only recognise the religious side of humanity, but if it tries to assign the due place to each capacity, and assign to all the capacities their mutual relations, it must concede to the God-ward capacities that paramount and dominating place which rightfully belongs to them, if they are recognised at all. That is, Culture must embrace Religion, and end in it.

Again, to start from the side or point of view of religion:—The ground of all religion, that which makes it possible, is the relation in which the human soul stands to God. This relation is the root one, and determines what a man really is. As à Kempis says, "What thou art in the sight of God, that thou truly art." The practical recognition of this relation as the deepest, most vital, most permanent one, as that one which embraces and regulates all others, this is religion. And each man is religious just in proportion as he does practically so recognise this bond, which binds him to his Maker.

If then religion be this, it must embrace culture: first, because it is itself the culture of the highest capacity of our being; and secondly, because, if not partial and blind, it must acknowledge all the other capacities of man's nature as gifts which God has given, and given that man may cultivate them to the utmost, and elevate

them by connecting them with the thought of the Giver, and the purpose for which He gave them.

We see then that religion, when it has its perfect work, must lead on to culture. If this view be true, culture and religion are not, when rightly regarded, two opposite powers, but they are as it were, one line with two opposite poles. Start from the manward pole, and go along the line honestly and thoroughly, and you land in the divine one. Start from the divine pole, and carry out all that it implies, and you land in the manward pole, or the perfection of humanity. Ideally considered, then, culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture.

The Late Principal J. C. Shairp.

The Choice of Books.

It is the tendency of those who have any connection with letters to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading, but we often forget that other side to this glorious view of literature—the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brain in aimless, promiscuous, poisonous reading of literary garbage. Amidst the multiplicity of books, are we not often attracted by what is stimulating rather than truthful, by curiosity for something that has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is **new**? Even the pulpit has descended in trying to attract people by giving addresses on the most recent book, before the print is dry on the paper or the minister himself has had time to digest it. How wisely Ruskin says—"The continual advertisement of new music (as if novelty were its virtue) signifies, in the inner fact of it, that no one now cares for music. The continual desire for new exhibitions means that we do not care for pictures; the continual demand for new books means that nobody cares to read." To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent is really to know nothing worth knowing. Is not our greatest weakness to-day an impotent voracity for desultory "information"—a thing as fruitful as whistling.

Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry jointed to the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. No wonder a great writer recently told us—"For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of 'information,' the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge." The incessant accumulation of fresh books must hinder any real knowledge of the old.

To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness, the question arises—How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? A still, small voice within us is for ever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? People who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are very careless as to the books to whom they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which

form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we, who delight in the agreeable racsal when he is cut up unto pages and bound in calf?

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year—all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all—of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue. There can be no method in our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. We grow weary of what everyone is **supposed** to have read, and choose instead some new, but worthless book on the mere ground that we never heard of it before. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

The enormous multiplicity of modern books is altogether unfavourable to knowing the best. The books pouring forth from Paternoster Row could fill the dome of St. Paul's in a short time. How, in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful, inspiring book to me? There never was a time when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are today, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which is of vital importance to know; and that, not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. It needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to select only what is vital in the storm of literature around us. We are inundated with a library about the "Paradise Lost" but the "Paradise Lost" itself we do not read. The intellectual need of our day is—rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which more than four centuries have swept across our path. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is worth knowing. A healthy mode of reading should be symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements—imagination, memory, reflection, and so have something to give us in poetry, in history, in science and in philosophy. A wise education and judicious reading should leave no great type of thought wholly a blank. Be it imagination, memory or reflection that we address—our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach. There are no 'tips' in literature. We need no 'crammers' and 'coaches' to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. A few names represent and contain the whole pith and substance of literature, and intellectual culture is simply the daily, nightly, and everlasting study of these standard authors. If we find Dante, Milton, Goethe, and Wordsworth, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to us, and leave the Bible, 'Types of Ethical Theory' and the 'Imitation of Christ' for some wet Sunday afternoon, our mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read and enjoy a masterpiece as a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country cottage. Until a man can truly enjoy a draft of clear water bubbling from a mountain side, his taste is in an unwholesome state. If "Vita Nuova." "The Ode to the West Wind," "The Ode to a Grecian Urn" and "Lines written on the Wye above Tintern Abbey" thrill us not, we ought to fall on our knees and pray for a cleanlier and quieter spirit. Then we will

understand and appreciate Carlyle when he says—"I call the Book of Job one of the grandest things ever written with pen. It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth. Grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody and repose of reconcilement. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation. Oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind—so soft and great, as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars. There is no book written, I think, in the Bible or out of it of equal literary merit. The precious life-blood of a master spirit." The essence of all our individual choices lies in this fundamental truth. Each of us can only receive that for which he has an affinity, and can only give forth effectually what is by birthright, or has become, his own.

G.V.C.

A Little Parable.

The meaning of this parable is that we ourselves often make our worst troubles, perhaps light-heartedly. The writer is Anne Reeve Aldrich, an American.

I made a cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture, as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a pretty song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed, if I had dreamed,
Its weight was meant for me
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

"My Magazine"

Scenes Associated with Servetus.

[We have pleasure in reproducing from the "Christian Register" the following interesting experience of Dr. Wilbur, our visitor last June.]

"A traveller in Europe finds the interest of his visit greatly increased if in addition to the usual round of sight-seeing, or instead of it, he has some particular line of investigation to follow up, whether it be art, cathedrals, music, foreign languages, literary shrines, or what not. Such has been my experience this year, following the thread of Unitarian history as a clue to lead me through many libraries, to many places connected with our movement, and to many interesting personages sympathetic with it. In the autumn, as I have written, following this clue brought me memorable experiences in Poland. In the spring I hope it may bring me many in Transylvania, while in between the two I have been ollowing the dim but fascinating trail of Servetus.

Let me recall to readers of the Christian Register that Michael Servetus stands out in history as the most conspicuous martyr, to our particular form of religious belief; for in 1553 he was brought to the stake by Calvin's government at Geneva for his denial of the doctrine of the Trinity. Except in a negative sense, he cannot be called a Unitarian, for Unitarians have not at any stage of their history adopted his views except in the loosest way; and he would earnestly have opposed many of the views that are current among us to-day. Nevertheless, there is hardly one of the first two generations of Unitarian thinkers in Poland or Transylvania who does not show clear evidence of having been influenced by him; and it may be confidently said that it was he far

more than any other who set thinkers to calling the doctrine of the Trinity in question unscriptural and unreasonable. In that sense he must be regarded as first among the pioneers of Unitarian thought.

"Of the details of his life comparatively little is known, but that little is full of adventure and interest: it was the career of a brilliant and fearless soul devoted to seeking and proclaiming the truth. I have lately visited nearly all the places connected with the life of Servetus, and the reader may be interested to follow the trail again with me, in the order of Servetus' travels, not of mine. Where he was born cannot be said with certainty, for he names both Tudela in Navarre and Villanueva in Aragon as his birthplace. I incline to think it was the former, though no local record has been discovered, and that in his infancy his parents removed to the latter. But which it was of the score or so of Villanuevas in Aragon was until less than a generation ago an unsolved riddle. At length it was discovered to be Villanueva de Sijena, and thither I determined that I would go whenever I should visit Spain.

"This Villanueva lies a dozen or fifteen miles off the railroad, some ninety miles northeast of Saragossa. Our English scholar, Rev. Alexander Gordon, who has twice been there and so far as I know is the only Unitarian before me who has done so, found the journey a long and tedious one; I was fortunate enough to find it comparatively easy. Accompanied by my twelve-year-old son, who was unwilling to have his father go alone and unprotected into the wilds of Northern Spain, I left Saragossa by an early morning train the day after Christmas. At Sarèneña we descended, and here I feared our hardships might begin, as they had for Gordon. What was my delight, when I inquired at the primitive inn of that little city to learn that the place possessed two automobiles, and that one of them would soon be at our disposal. So it happened, that in a comfortable Ford sedan we were taken in half an hour over a stretch that Gordon had taken hours for, and we found it as smooth as he had rough. The country was as arid as anything in New Mexico, and we drove straight across a bare mesa overlooking the Alcanadre, whose story is an alternation between a dry bed of sand and a turbulent torrent.

"Presently Villanueva came into view, a little town of a few hundred souls, whose dun-coloured buildings of sun-baked brick, as they rose on the hill above the river, could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding bare fields. Here, at all events, Servetus lived from early infancy until he went away for his education, for here his father resided from the end of the year in which Servetus was born, holding the honourable office of public notary, as numerous documents in the neighbouring convent of Santa Maria bear witness. The village was as drab and unattractive as the little towns of Aragon are wont to be; but though the forenoon had been lowering, for the brief hour of our visit the sun broke through and made the place look almost pleasant, and we found the inhabitants affable and helpful, apparently flattered that persons from so great a distance should have wished to pay their town the honour of a visit. There, overlooking the little square, stood the parish church of San Salvador. Gordon at his last visit had found the curate loath to admit him, a heretic, to its precincts. Here again we were more fortunate, and were given every facility. Here, doubtless, the youthful Servetus learned his catechism and received his first communion; and here over the side altar within the chancel, was what I most wished to see, an old alterpiece erected probaby in 1558, three years after his death at the stake, by members of

the Servetus family, supposed to have been his mother and younger brother—a priest—possibly as a sort of expiation for his dreadful heresies. Kneeling portraits of the mother and son form a part of the composition, and an inscription attests the donors and the date.

" One street away from the square stands the largest house in the village, the old Servetus mansion, bearing the name of his mother's family as the Casa de Reves. It is now the village inn. It must of course be much changed from Servetus' time, but the mistress of the house proudly showed us through its various rooms, and made us regret that we could not spend the night under its roof. In the past generation, which has seen such a revival of interest in Servetus, the church and the inn have evidently become the object of not infrequent pilgrimage. We also visited the neighbouring convent, though with too little time to explore its archives for the documents witnessed by his father, of which I have, however, a transcript. Returning to Saragossa in the evening, we were again in the interesting old city where it is thought Servetus must have begun his higher education ; but no mementos of his life there remain, nor could I get any track of a modern statue to him of which I had heard rumours. But the day as a whole stands out in my memory as one of the most interesting and novel in a whole year's travels.

(To be continued).

The Business Agent, the Rev. G J. Slpper, earnestly asks for the early payment of all outstanding accounts for the Magazine. Some of these are now considerably over-due, and it would greatly facilitate the balancing of the accounts if prompt payment were the practice.

Listening-In.

A Topical Causerie.

Obvious ?

A new book on Evolution—" Evolution in the light of modern knowledge " published by Blackie, 21s. net. Contains a series of chapters by specialists. But in the chapter by Professor Taylor, when he deals with the philosophy of Evolution he points out :—

> " Most of the bitterness which has attended the promulgation and criticism of Evolutionary theories might have been avoided if both parties to the dispute had been careful to remember that you neither explain what a thing is, by saying how it has come to be there, nor explain how it has come to be there, by saying what it is."

Worth Quoting Still Again.

This verse, or stanza, from a poem by Professor William Carruth of the American University of Kansas, reconciles with beautiful simplicity the thought of God and the idea of Evolution.—

> A fire mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell,
> A jelly-fish and a Saurian,
> And a cave where the cave men dwell ;
> Then a sense of law and beauty,
> A face turned from the clod,
> Some call it Evolution,
> And others call it God.

Liberty !

This is recorded in the Children's Newspaper, of an angry Canadian, who stopped his car to listen to a wild revolutionary who was shouting down our institutions in Trafalgar Square, London, at the foot of Nelson's Column. Down with the Cabinet, down with the peerage, down with the law and the police ! The policeman tapped the Canadian gently on the shoulder and said that if he stopped there he must

turn off his engine, **so that the free citizens of England could listen to the speaker.**

Chinese Illiteracy.

The following gathered from Dr. Ping Ling, Dean of Mankai College, according to the "Scotsman," out of 400 million people 320 million could not read or write. This gives us some idea of the tremendous task which educationalists in that country have to face. Ping Ling also said that there were 70 or 80 million children who ought to be at school but were not. Though the Government really had the responsibility in relieving this serious illiteracy yet the matter was complicated by the Chinese language which, even in his own case (i.e., of the Doctor's) it had taken **ten years to learn.**

A Pulpit Bet.

This is told by Mr. W. H. Jacobson, in the Inquirer :—

> "An illiterate but clever Methodist lay preacher once gave out the text, "I can do all things." He then paused and, looking at the Bible keenly, said in his own Somersetshire dialect : "What's that thee says, Paul—'I can do all things ?' I'll bet thee half-a-crown o' that." So he took half-a-crown out of his pocket and put it on the book. 'However,' he added, 'let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself.' So he read on the next words. "Through Christ that strengthened me.' 'Oh !, says he, if that's the terms of the bet, 'I'm off !' "

N.B.—All Communications should reach the Editor, Ardeevin, Cadogan Park, Belfast, not later than the 16th of the month preceding publication.

"History of Non-Subscribing Presbyterianism in Ireland."

By Dr. Henry Montgomery.

General Synod of Ulster in 1810.

I resume the thread of my Narrative at the year 1810, when, for the first time, I attended the annual meeting of the General Synod of Ulster, at Cookstown, as a constituent member of the Body. Never shall I forget that peaceful, happy assemblage of Christian Free-men ! It was worthy of the early and uncorrupted times of Irish Presbyterianism : it realised all my boyish dreams concerning the Church of my Fathers and of my own choice. Our mornings and afternoons were spent in the calm, cheerful, and harmonious discharge of routine duties : our evenings, in delightful social converse, amidst—"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The young ministers, scattered over the Province in various fields of duty, renewed their school and college friendships, the older members talked over, in graver mood, the pursuits and pleasures of earlier years ; and, sometimes, the young, the middle-aged, and the old mingled together—forgetting their years, in their rational, Christian enjoyments. How delightful it was, to listen to the genial flow of matured wisdom from venerable lips—to hear ringing peals of laughter elicited by the playful and polished wit of manhood—and to rejoice when some ingenuous youth gave promise of future distinction by grave remark or ready humour ! And, then, the whole scene, both within and without the Synod-House, was rendered bright and beautiful by the constant sunshine of mutual forbearance and charity. Amidst a recognised variety of *Creeds*, there was perfect "*unity of Spirit*" for every man, whilst rejoicing in his own liberty, respected the rights of his brother. We therefore met in love, continued together in harmony, and parted with regret. Old friendships

were cemented, new attachments were formed, and we looked forward to our stated meetings as annual jubilees! Such *was* the General Synod of Ulster, when, on my first return from Cookstown, I gloried in the name of Presbyterian, and rejoiced in my Church, as the embryo of a Church *universal*, in which the Bible was the only standard of Faith, and the conscience of every man was free!

Such did the General Synod continue to be for several years— a bright example, in its own harmony, of the living influence of religious liberty; and, as a natural consequence, the strenuous advocate of equal civil rights for all the people of these realms. In the year 1813, a strong and unanimous Declaration in favour of Catholic Emancipation was transmitted to Government, and published in all the leading Journals of the Empire; and, in the same year, a Committee was appointed to confer with the Directors of the Belfast Academical Institution, with regard to the propriety of adopting that Seminary as a place of education for candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. The Conference was friendly and satisfactory; and the Committee, which was numerous and influential, recommended, at the annual meeting of Synod in 1814, a certain resolution, which was finally adopted in the following year, with a few unimportant alterations. As that alteration laid the foundation of the primary connexion between the Institution and the Synod, and became the source of all the heart-burnings and evils which have since arisen, both in the Belfast College, and in the Presbyterian Church, I here insert the names of the Committee and the resolution itself:—" Committee of Conference—Messrs. John Thompson, A. G. Malcolm, R. Acheson, Dr. Wm. Neilson, N. Alexander, J. Whiteside, W. Moore, W. Dunlop, S. Hanna, T. Alexander, R. Stewart, W. Porter, A. Millar, R. Hogg, James Bankhead, and George Hay." "*Moved and unanimously agreed to*—That the same respect be paid by the Synod of Ulster to the Certificates of the Belfast Academical Institution, of attendance and progress of the Students in learning, as to the Certificates from Foreign Universities, so soon as adequate Professors are appointed to lecture in this Institution, on the different branches of science which the Synods points out to the Students under its care, *provided* a Committee of this Body, who shall be annually appointed for the purpose, and attend the examination of the Students in the Institution, shall concur in such Certificate, and signify its approbation by the signature of its Moderator." Now, it has been solemnly asserted, and repeatedly laid before Government and the world, that the words "*Adequate* Professors," in the above resolution, meant *Trinitarian* Professors; and, that, consequently, the Managers of the Institution were pledged to elect Trinitarians alone. To say nothing of the absurdity of supposing such a pledge to have been given by the Unitarian Directors of a Seminary which had been raised almost exclusively by the exertions and contributions of Unitarians, whilst the subscriptions of Calvinists were little more than nominal, the very constitution of the Synodical Committee itself, abundantly proves, that such a demand could never have been contemplated. Of the *sixteen* members comprising the Committee, *eleven* certainly, if not *twelve*, were themselves, Unitarians! And, yet, Government and the world have been gravely asked to believe, that two Unitarian Bodies deliberately agreed to pass sentence of perpetual exclusion against all men of their own Communion, and to hand over a property which cost £16,000 to those who had not then contributed £600! In good truth, such a stipulation was never dreamt of by any party—the question of orthodoxy or heterodoxy was, at that time, never mentioned in society—and the early Professors were all

elected without the slightest reference to their Creed.

Under these liberal and wise regulations, the Institution was opened on the first day of November, 1814, a Parliamentary Grant of £1,500 *per annum* was obtained, the Classes rapidly filled up, all was life and energy, and the Synodical Committees that attended the Examinations at the close of each Session, exhausted the language of panegyric, in praising the whole arrangements of the new and popular Seminary. I well remember those bright and halcyon hours—the daily feasts, the daily speeches, and the "thunders of applause." But an event occurred at the end of two years, which produced a great sensation and some changes. Two of the Masters attended a Dinner, in honour of the memory of our patron Saint; and "America, the land of liberty and asylum of the oppressed," was given as a toast. Let it be kept in mind, that this Dinner did not take place within the walls of the Institution, and that no professor was present; and, yet, on this paltry pretext, the Government of the day withdrew the Parliamentary Grant. I say *pretext*; for, the late Dr. Black, of Derry, who, through a certain influence, was hostile to the Institution as a place of College Education, had persuaded Lord Castlereagh, that our Students should be educated in Scotland, as they had formerly been, and not in the Whig town of Belfast. This view of the case is confirmed by the fact, that, in the year 1819, Lord Castlereagh offered, not only to renew the Grant but to augment it, provided the education was confined to general literature, science, and practical branches —excluding Students for the Ministry. And did the Proprietors of the Institution accept the golden bribe, and break their compact with the Synod? No, they maintained their fidelity at all hazards; they cast themselves upon public liberality for aid; and nobly did the public answer their appeal. Thousands upon thousands were subscribed by generous men of all sects, and for twelve years, the Professors were supported by this sustained liberality.

(To be continued.)

Obituary.

Miss Bruce, Belfast.

On August 22nd, an unusually long and noteworthy life reached its earthly termination when Miss Bruce passed away at The Farm, Belfast. Latterly, she had been confined to bed while advanced age exacted its increasing tax upon her strength. Throughout that time all that skill and tender solicitude could do was done by her attached relatives and friends. Even then it was not difficult to detect traces of that remarkable equipment of mind and body which made Miss Susan Bruce conspicuous amongst her contemporaries. Singularly clear in her grasp of principles as well as details, she could not only suggest with wisdom, but also execute with success. Those privileged to know her had implicit confidence in her judgment. Consequently, in her years of activity she gave great help and most liberal support to many philanthropic Institutions. Amongst such our own charities were very near to her generous heart, notably the Domestic Mission. Naturally, too, the First Church of Belfast, to which both her grandfather and father had contributed lifelong devotion, and to which she in turn also contributed so richly, reaped the benefit of her unfailing attachment. Following so soon upon the death of her two sisters, Miss Eliza and Miss Charlotte Bruce, the First Church will greatly feel the latest loss

~~Sunday evenings. These will not be in the nature of replies to ignorant misrepresentation,~~ but will serve to of an old and greatly-esteemed member. But the utmost sympathy will be felt for Miss Jane Bruce, the last surviving member of that group of sisters who cast additional distinction upon the honoured and historic name of Bruce.

The funeral service at the house was conducted by the Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D., minister of the First Church, Belfast, and he was also responsible for the service at the graveside in the Old Burial Ground, Holywood, where the deceased was laid to rest with her fore-fathers.

Miss Lindsay, Belfast.

By the death of the above lady, which occurred on June 4th, our community lost a lifelong and very devoted member. She was the last surviving daughter of the late David Lindsay, of Dromore, and always warmly cherished her early associations with the latter, keeping up her church connection with Dromore to the last. For many years she had resided in Belfast, and it was at her residence in Windsor Park that the end came, after a period of bodily weakness due to advanced years. As a resident in Belfast she was a faithful member of the First Church, and until confined to her home, she was a most regular attender at its services. A wide reader and well acquainted with other countries, she was an excellent conversationalist, and her many friends appreciated the extent of her knowledge and the shrewdness of her observation. She was interested in many of our charities and served on committees with, an exemplary devotion and zeal. By her death, institutions like the Industrial School and the Domestic Mission lost a friend of many years' standing.

The funeral took place on June 6th, The service in the home was conducted by the Revs. Alfred Davison and H. J. Rossington, the service at the graveside at Dromore by the latter.

John Hunter.

Practically the last of a once prominent and influential family has passed away in the person of John Hunter, who was born at Dunmurry House, Dunmurry, about 75 years ago. Though having left his native district many years ago, he yet kept up his connection to the end with the Old Presbyterian Congregation of which the Rev. Dr. Henry Montgomery was minister. For a number of years he wintered in the Canary Islands, where he was a popular visitor. Later, he took up his residence in Belfast, and was for many years before his death a member and supporter of the First Church. He was also active earlier as a member of Committees in connection with our organisation. He died in Belfast on 10th August, and his funeral took place to the Hunter Family Burying Ground in Dunmurry, on the 12th of same month, the services on the occasion having been conducted by his old friend, the Rev. J. A. Kelly, pastor loci.; the Rev. H. J. Rossington being unable to be present owing to holidays.

Reports.

Belfast : First Church.—During August the minister was away on holidays, and during his absence the historic pulpit was occupied by the following Ministers—the Revs. Herbert Barnes, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Moderator (Rev. W. H. Townley-Tilson, M.A.); the Rev. Percival Godding, and the Rev. A. M. Bell, B.A. Mr. Rossington takes up his duties again in September and has planned Special Sermons on "Unitarianism" for the

set forth positively those principles of our faith which make appeal to the reasonable and reverent, both outside and within our community. It is now needful to follow up the recent celebration of Unitarian accomplishments during the last century by indicating what awaits earnestness and enthusiasm in the new.

* *

Belfast : York Street.—The summer months in this congregation have been devoted to quiet work. A small band of enthusiastic workers led by the Minister and Secretary have amongst other things erected a handsome new roof which adds greatly to the comfort of the Meeting House in every way. A " way-side pulpit " has been made by one of our members and has proved very useful. The attendances at evening worship are already larger than at the end of the winter and this in spite of the fact that some of our people are spending the present month out of town. During the past few months several valued members have been lost to us by emigration. Miss Herron who so ably managed our sketch club has gone to Canada. Major Acheiman's duties have called him to Aldershot. A farewell party was given to him and his family before his departure, by members of the choir and some friends. A number of University Students who had attached themselves have completed their studies, but we hope that others will take their place in the coming session. The minister's second anniversary will be marked by a special service on Sunday evening the 6th September. The attempt to gain 100 active members during the past 12 months and to make our income equal our expenditure, has been successful. Now that we can feel that we are at last on our feet, we intend to devote more time to that consolidation which is so needed in a new congregation. On Saturday, 8th August, the annual excursion took place to Whitehead. On Sunday, 9th August, Senator Dorman of the Northern Parliament occupied the pulpit and his address illustrated with personai ancedotes of life in the navy 50 years ago, made a great impression. On Sunday, 16th August, Mr. Agnew dealt with a recent attack on our faith. The congregation was so large that although even the puplit was invaded many had to be turned away, including unfortunately some who had come in from the country. The congregation, which included several clergymen, on several occasions burst into applause, and there is no doubt that indignation at these repeated attacks is growing. Mr. Agnew said he did not wish to convert people to Unitarianism, but only to show to broad minded people that Unitarians had a case and a good one. Several however, appeared to consider the case conclusive, and at the close of the service joined the church, and doubtless many of our visitors will return. Work is proceeding with our forthcoming local play and friends in the country will be notified when the dates of production are settled.

* *

Ballyhemlin.—The Sunday School and Congregation had their annual excursion on August 4th. Two of Moss's chars-a-banc took them to Newcastle by way of Saintfield and Ballynahinch, returning by Clough, Downpatrick, and Killinchy, The weather was everything that could be desired, and a very happy day was spent. Mrs. M'Cormick passed away on Saturday, August 8th, 1925, at the ripe age of 96 years. She was the oldest member of the congregation. The interment took place on Monday, August 10th, at Ballyhalbert, a large number of friends and relations being present.

* *

Clough.—The congegatrion and Sunday School departed from their usual custom of going to Newcastle for their annual day. This year they went to Warrenpoint in chars-a-banc. The weather was perfect and the outgoing journey by the mountains and the return by the shore road were very much enjoyed. After lunch at the Shelbourne Cafè, most of the party invaded the Free State. As they carried no contraband, they all returned without having caused an incident. The gentlemen responsible for the

arrangements—Messrs. H. Shaw, S. Robinson and the minister deserved the best thanks of the party for their services.

* *

Downpatrick.—The Sunday School and Congregational excursion was held on August 13th. After assembling at the church, the party headed by the Hollymount pipe band, marched to the railway station and took train for Newcastle. Here, apart from a brisk shower, a most enjoyable day was spent by old and young, the lovely strand providing room and opportunity for all sorts of amusement. On re-returning home the party marched to the church, where Rev. J. Begg paid a well-merited word of thanks to the band for their voluntary services, also to the collectors and to those who made the arrangements. The National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

* *

Glenarm.—Under the auspices of Masonic Lodge No. 45 Glenarm, a special service was held in the Old Presbyterian Meetinghouse, Glenarm, on Sunday, 9th August, at 4-30 p.m. In addition to the local brethren, there was a large attendance of members of the Order from Belfast, Larne, Ballymena, and other centres. Prior to the service the brethren assembled in the Barbican, on the picturesque estate of the Earl of Antrim, and having donned Craft and Royal Arch regalia, they were marshalled into processional order by V.W. Bro. Dr. E. Waide, P.G.L. Inspector, and walked across the road into the Meeting-House, where the entire ground floor had been reserved for their accommodation. The gallery was crowded by those not belonging to the Order. Plants and flowers kindly lent by Mr. Daly, gardener to the Earl of Antrim, were tastefully arranged by the ladies of the congregation. Mrs. W. Green, Larne, presided at the organ, and the large congregation joined heartily in singing the hymns chosen for the occasion :—"All People that on Earth do Dwell." "O God, our Help in Ages Past." "O God of Bethel, by whose Hand." "O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea." "Lord, dismiss us with Thy Blessing." W. Bro. Rev. T. P. Waring, P.G.C., Antrim, read the lessons from 1 Kings, 3 : 1-14, and 1 Corinthians, 13. W. Bro. Rev. J. A. Kelly, P.G.C. Antrim, took as his text the words "Our Father," contained in Matthew 6 : 9, and Luke 11 : 2 from which he delivered an interesting and instructive discourse. The implication of these words, he said, is that God, being our Father, we are His children. The suggestion here, to his mind, is that our religion is not a solitary religion, it is a religion social in its character, that is to say we are the better for meeting together with our friends and neighbours, and uttering in public our petitions to the Great God of all—the Great Architect of the Universe, as they often spoke of Him in Masonry— a wondrous universe, the beauties of which were being more and more revealed to us as the discoveries of Science are sent forth. They were beginning to realise that the religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. A religion of vision. The religion of Masonry was a democratic religion. They were all subject to the moral law, They knew no differences in their lodges. There were no distinctions. Theirs was the religion of Him who spake as never man spake. His religion was a democratic religion. The King and all his subjects were included in the true democracy. That was what it meant. Proceeding, he spoke of the history of the Old Meeting-house in Glenarm, in which they were met—built in 1762—and then went on to trace the history of the Masonic Lodge under whose auspices they had met. Masonry was first introduced into Glenarm, he said, in 1803, 78 years after its introduction into Ireland. It worked under Warrant No. 917 till 1828, and in 1833 the present Warrant No. 45, was issued. It continued under this warrant until 1859, when it was suspended, but was restored in 1868, since when the lodge has been working with uninterrupted and increasing success. In the earlier days the lodge met in rooms in various private houses, until permission was given by the Earl of Antrim to meet in

the Courthouse. There it remained until 1887, when the present Masonic Hall in Glenarm was built. Concluding, he made a strong appeal for the support of those charities of which all Masons were so proud. The offertory was then taken—that from the brethren for the Masonic Charities, and from the general public for the Glenarm Nursing Society—and a sum of over £30 was contributed. The service concluded with the Benediction and the singing of the National Anthem.

* *

Newtownards.—On Sunday, July 26th, the members of the Non-Subscribing Church, celebrated the completion of the first year in the life of their new building with a special service, at which a most interesting address was delivered by Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A., B.D., of Rosemary Street Non-Subscribing Church, Belfast. There was a good sized congregation. After a hymn, the preacher read a portion of the 11th and 12th chapters of Isaiah, and later some verses from the 10th chapter of St. John, and it was from the latter he chose his text. He based his remarks on the 16th verse, which reads "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Those words, he said, suggested a great ideal as yet far from being realised in the Christian Church, that of one great body, one in spirit, and it might be, in authority, manifested in that spirit. They had many sections of the Christian Church, split up into different bodies and no one would say they truly represented the unity of the spirit. He mentioned that quite recently in Belfast he had pleaded for a kind of clearing house for charitable operations and his reason for that was that he had discovered people, not living on a particular community, but on the different Christian communities, receiving help from one and from others working in the same field; and though he suggested for a time in vain, his suggestion had been adopted. That was only one aspect of the question, the practical. Who would pretend, he said, that the Churches were not in rivalry? Why should there not be the possibility of drawing together and co-operating to a greater extent than ever before? He knew he was speaking the minds of those people who were anxious to see so many of the unnecessary divisions in the Christian Church wiped out, and the others drawn together. To attain that ideal it would be necessary first of all to draw together those sections that most resembled each other. Why should there not be a fellowship of all Free Churches? There was no bar or barrier, no difference of doctrine or dogma to divide them, and why should they not properly understand each other? They were so much concerned with their own special difficulties they did not realise that the great company that was one with them in their sympathies was looking to them in friendliness in its desire to give help. Continuing, Rev. Mr. Rossington referred to his recent visit to the United States, where he said their Church was of greater proportions than at home and in England, but while he came across churches with very large congregations, he also was in places where their Church had very small membership. In America, he said, a church built in the nineteenth century was looked on as old, and one in Philadelphia, which was started in 1794, was considered very ancient. He told of addressing a large gathering in the Jewish Temple, and among his congregation was a Jewish Rabbi, who was inclined to be very friendly. Christ looked forward to one fold composed of those who looked to Him as their Shepherd. If he had ever any doubt as to the love which Irish people had for their own country that doubt was dissipated by his American experience. People would travel many, many miles to get in touch with an Irish visitor, irrespective of whether they belonged to his particular Church or not. What was true of a country should be even more true of a Christian

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community. He found there were possibilites of a union in the country, in touch with so many ministers of different Churches, and their task was to make possible that great union with other bodies. What they needed was a clear Christian call emphasising the fundamentals of Christianity as Christ knew them. So long as they had varied minds he supposed they would have varied forms in which to give expression to their views, but they should fix their gaze on the same common goal, and seek to have in very truth the real fellowship of the Spirit. In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Rossington said—Cannot we endeavour to get together in spirit and in truth and make the Christian Gospel a reality, both individually and collectively, to make the Gospel tell in every-day life until the spirit of Christ is shown in every phase of thought and in every mode of daily activity? The praise portion of the service was conducted by Miss E. Ferguson at the organ, and Rev. W. H. Townley Tilson, M.A., the minister of the church, extended a cordial welcome to all who attended the service.

Printed by J. Adams, King Street, Belfast. May also be had from Mr. Eustace Gordon, the Depository Rosemary Street, Belfast: and from Rev. H J. Rossington, Ardeevin Cadogan Park, Belfast, to whom all communications respecting the Magazine should be addressed. Busines Agent—Rev. George J. Slipper 7 Trevor Hill, Newry, Co. Down.

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